

I Wanted You by ObeyDontStray

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Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: Multi, Pining, Prom, love triangle of sorts

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Characters: Bob Newby, Chrissy Carpenter, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

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Summary:

"You're an idiot, Jim Hopper."

I Wanted You

Author's Note:

A birthday gift for Twopercentsin on Tumblr!

Joyce watched him from across the room. Watched him smile warmly at Chrissy Carpenter, watched his hand find it's way to her lower back. He looked so handsome in his black and white tux. She bit her lip as a slow song started and she watched him escort Chrissy onto the dance floor.

"Why is someone like you standing here on the wall by yourself?" Came a voice from her left. Bob stood nearby, his hands in his pockets. Joyce drew in a deep breath. "Got your eye on someone, huh?" He asked, seeing right through her. "Ever find yourself so wrapped up in someone...and they don't seem to pay you any attention?" Bob chuckled at her question. "Yeah, I've been there." He replied, a sad hint to his voice.

He turned into her personal space, reaching out a hand. "Dance with me?" She smiled at him faintly and took his hand, letting him lead her out to the floor. He placed a hand on her hip and took the other in his, leading her gently around the floor. She felt terrible, knowing Bob was carrying the torch for her. But not terrible enough to keep looking over his shoulder at Jim and Chrissy. They looked almost magical with her sea foam colored gown twirling around them as he spun her gently. She felt sub par in her strapless plum purple gown.

"Why is everyone looking at us?" Joyce whispered in his ear, catching the eyes of most of the people around them as they swayed. "Because you're beautiful and you're dancing with a nerd like me." He laughed. "You're not a nerd! You look very handsome tonight!" She said. "Besides I'm not that special." She added. "Can't you see tall, dark, and blonde over there looking at you?" He asked. "He's been sneaking glances at you all night." Joyce swallowed hard and dropped her gaze to the shoulder of Bob's blazer. Surely Jim hasn't noticed her. "I was brave and asked you to dance. Now go be brave and ask him for one." Bob encouraged. "What about Chrissy?" She asked. "Just go ask him. I got a hunch." Bob said. "I think she's gone to the bathroom. Go ask

him! There's no law saying he can't dance with more than one girl."

Joyce moved through the crowd. "Joyce!" He said, her name slightly slurred. When 'Stand By Me' began playing he reached for her hips without asking, beginning to guide her around. "You've been drinking." She said sternly as her hands found his shoulders. "Just enjoying myself a bit." He said with a boyish smile. He pulled her closer, flush with his own body. "You look beautiful." He said into her hair. "You're here with Chrissy, Jim." "Because you dumped me for Byers. And he's not even here tonight." Jim shot back. "So Chrissy was a better option?" Joyce asked, trying her best to move back from him. "You've got options like Lonnie and Bob. Was I just supposed to stand against the wall and pine for you all night?" He fumed. "Am I supposed to be Joyce's clown?"

When she moved to walk away he grabbed her by the wrist. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean all of that." They both stopped to laugh when 'Cathy's Clown' started playing and he lulled her back into his arms. "You have to dance this one with me too." He teased, the tension broken by the happenstance. Joyce wrapped her arms around his middle and willed her frantic heart to settle. "You're shaking." He observed. "How come nothing is ever simple with us?" She asked as she buried her face in the front of his shirt. "Because we're both stubborn." He said, matter of factly. "Let go of Lonnie. Let go of Bob. Let me be enough, baby. They don't love you like I love you."

Joyce felt the eyes on them as they moved about the dance floor, in more of an embrace than a dance as he swayed them about. His face neared hers, dangerously close as he tilted her mouth up to his. She could feel his breath against her lips before they both heard the voice. "Jim Hopper!" Chrissy's angry. And she has every right to be. He shrugs. "I'm sorry, Chrissy." "You're picking that-" she fumed as Joyce braced herself for the worst, "that whore over me?" Joyce clamped her eyes shut, marveling how Chrissy Carpenter had any right to call anyone a whore. Jim pulled away from her and grabbed her by the hand. "I'm sorry, Chrissy. And I'm sorry, Joyce." He said, before he made a break for the door.

He leaned against the nearest wall as the gym vibrated with the first bars of 'Whiter Shade of Pale'. Joyce followed him. "You're drunk and I just got called a whore and this has been the worst night." Joyce

lamented, shrinking back against the wall. When she sniffled in the dark he caged her in with his own body, wiping away the first tear as it fell. "I'm sorry baby. You should be in there, dancing with Bob. He's not a jerk like me." He slurred. She looked up at him through her lashes, her makeup running with the tears. "Don't cry over me, sweetheart. I'm an idiot. Go back in there and enjoy yourself." "As if Chrissy will let that happen now." Jim closed his eyes and rubbed at his temples.

"Give me your keys. I'm driving you home." Joyce demanded, reaching her hand out to him. "You're not driving like this, and I need a ride. I want to go home." Begrudgingly he brandished his keys but in the darkness he pulled her close. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry." He mumbled, his face inches from hers again. "I've always been a fool for you. Your clown." When he moved into kiss her she didn't resist him. "You're an idiot, Jim Hopper." He grinned as he moved in for another kiss. "Only for you, sweet thing."